

ANDY RAZAF • LYRICS

"A SONG WITHOUT WORDS IS A FRAME WITHOUT A PICTURE"

Co-Writer of

Ain't Misbehavin'

Honeysuckle Rose

Christopher Columbus

My Fate Is In Your Hands

Make Believe Ball Room

S'posin'

Memories Of You

Porter's Love Song

Stompin' At The Savoy

Black And Blue

Handy Man

On Revival Day

Deep Forest

What Harlem Is To Me

Dusky Stevedore

If It Ain't Love

Keepin' Out of Mischief Now

Blue Turning Gray Over You

We Are Americans Too

Lover's Lullabye

Massachusetts

and many others

TO OUR NEGRO BALL PLAYERS
(facing Major Leaguers Sunday)

MAIL ADDRESS ONLY
CARE OF BILLBOARD
NEW YORK CITY

Get in there and go to town
Bat those Jim Crow fences down,
Demonstrate what you can do,
Prove you're "Big-time" players too.
Put your heart in every play
For Sunday is your "Judgement Day"
Every word and act of yours
May either close or open doors!

Is the Negro player fit?
Can he pitch, field, think and hit?
Has he guts and dignity?
And does he use diplomacy?
Can he smile and do his stuff
When he finds the going rough?
To these questions, you're the key;
Boys, what will your answer be?

ANDY RAZAF

P.S. As an ardent fan, ex ball player and
champion of the Negro's right
to prove his merit in the white
Major Leagues, I submit the above verses.

Hello Mrs Mauley—

Please have a "pep talk" and read this to our boys
I'm sure they'll get the message. I'd give
anything to be on the bench with them Sunday.

If you can, mail me 4 good tickets to my
home and I'll pay you for same



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A.R.